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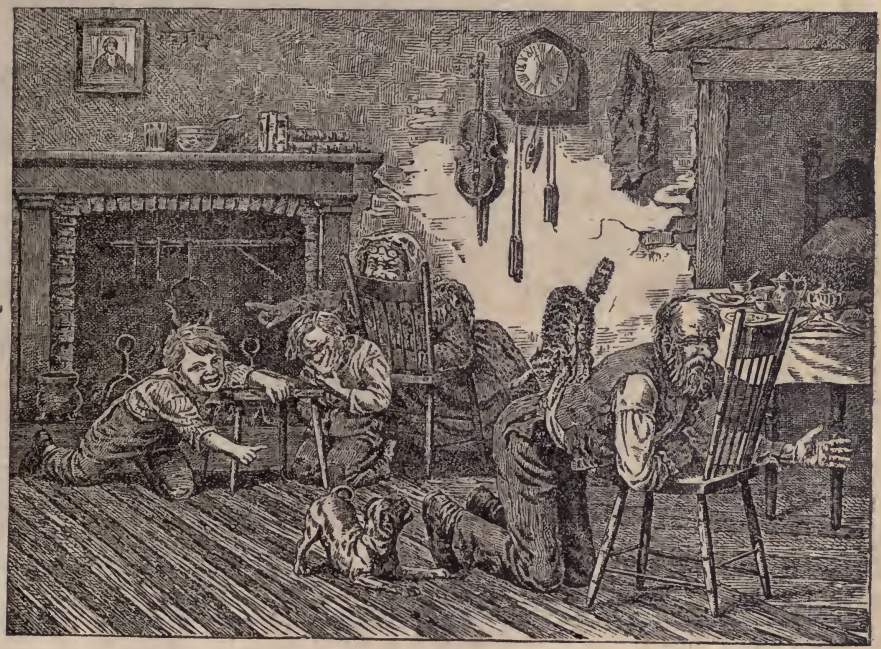
Deacon Jones' Experience.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by A. M. Willard, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

IN PRESENTING THIS CHROMO in illustration of Bret Harte's Poem, (on next page,) the publisher introduces the public to a closer intimacy with the good man and his noble qualities.

In his time he could "overcome" a goodly number of "ornery mortals" with a promptness and ease that distinguished him on the river, and secured to him a certain respect among his fellows. The strong arm that pulled the heavy oar of a flat-boat was ever at the service of a friend. He was as ready to back a load of wood to the needy widow, as to join the boys for a frolic. His word was as good as "writin"—his record was clear. He hated horse-thieves—he knew something of Indians. He was a good neighbor and a good provider; also, a fair operator "onto" the violin.

Mr. Willard, the artist, in his illustration strongly suggests these points of character, and has portrayed Deacon Jones and family with a power all his own. It is quite impossible to witness the Deacon's indecision between the business in hand, and his evident desire to *"snatch that kitten,"* without being amused.

The Chromo reproduction is by Clay, Cosack & Co., Buffalo, and is one of the best examples of Chromo-Lithography produced in this country. The size of the picture is 16x22 inches—mounted upon canvass and strainers. Price, $6.00.

Address orders to

J. F. RYDER, Publisher,

239 Superior St., CLEVELAND, O.

Deacon Jones' Experience.

(Arkansas Conference.)

1874.

Ye'r right when you lays it down Parson,
  Thet the flesh is weak and a snare;
And to keep yer plow in the furrow
  When yer cattle begins to rare—
Ain't no sure thing. And between us,
  The same may be said of prayer.

Why, I stood the jokes, on the river,
  Of the boys, when the critters found
Thet I'd jined the Church and the snicker
  Thet, may be ye mind, went round,
The day I set down with the mourners,
  In the old camp meetin' ground!

I stood all that, and I reckon
  I might at a pinch stood more—
For the boys, they represents Bael,
  And I Stands as the Rock of the Law,
And it seemed like a moral scrimmage,
  In holdin' agin their jaw.

But thar's crosses a Christian suffers,
  As hez'nt got that pretense—
Things with no moral purpose,
  Things ez hez got no sense;
Things, ez, somehow, no profit
  Will cover their first expense.

Ez how! I was jest last evenin'
  Addressin' the Throne of Grace,
And mother knelt in the corner,
  And each of the boys in his place—
When that sneakin' pup of Keziah's,
  To Jonathan's cat giv chase!

I never let on to mind 'em,
  I never let on to hear;
But driv that prayer down the furrow
  With the cat hidin' under my cheer,
And Keziah a whisperin' "sic her!"
  And mother a sayin' "you dare!"

I asked for a light for the heathen,
  To guide on his narrer track,
With that dog and that cat jest waltzin',
  And Jonathan's face jest black,
When the pup made a rush and the kitten—
  Dropped down on the small of my back.

Yet, I think, with the Lud's assistance,
  I might have continered then.
If gettin' her holt, that kitten
  Hed'nt dropped her claws in me—when
It somehow reached the "Old Adam,"
  And I jumped to my feet with "Amen."

So, ye'r right when you say it, Parson,
  Thet the flesh is weak and a snare,
And to keep yer plow in the furrow
  When yer cattle begins to rare
Ain't no sure thing. And between us
  I say its jest so with prayer.

Bret Harte.

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"OUCH!"

"Helen Blazes, scatter!" was what he said; his gesticulations were violent and unstudied; his manner strange and hurried; his eyes rolled wildly, and the perspiration started from his youthful brow.

Again he cried, "Helen Blazes! get out of this!" and little Helen, without further waiting, struck a bee-line for the house. At this point "our special artist," A. M. WILLARD, "sketched" Tommy Blazes "on the spot." The sketch proves the power of the artist in portraying scenes of startling effect and strong expression *with an agreeable touch of humor.*

As men are children of larger growth, it is pleasant to go back, by familiar glimpses, to the days of boyish pranks, and recall the exploits enacted then. In this, as in the story of "Pluck," the assault of the "little busy bee" upon Tommy Blazes will come home with a special force to many a man who has lost the smell of hay-fields.

The Chromo is from the house of CLAY, COSACK & CO., of Buffalo, and is a fine example of first-class American Chromo art. The size of the picture is 17x22 inches, mounted upon canvass and strainers. PRICE, $5.00.

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